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While I was trying to fit the pieces of this photogrpahic pizzel together, two things coincided: receipt of Rhoads' August 13 letter saying, its its usualy self-serving formulation, that they had taken the pictures I had asked for that had not been taken, and realization of that I had forgotten about the Rakkin March 18 memo, that it specified color pictures of all clothing alone in these the FBI was to take of all exhibits. Color could show what black-and-white did not.

Early the next morning I drove to Washington and at 10 a.m. was examining the pictures taken for me earlier and these new ones. While looking at these black-and-whites, I engaged Johnson and Simmons, both of whom watched my examination in Room 201, in conversation about the colors of President's clothing. It was apparent they had seen the garments. Walking from the parking lot to the Archives, I passed the architects's concept of the main entrance to the Department of Justice, which is the building to the west of the Archibes bilding, both between Pennsylvania and Constitution Avenues. Over it, carved into the marble, are words the perfection in inappropriateness immediately struck me: "The place of Justice Is A Hallowed Place". Appropriateness lay in the fear of Government of the people, against whom thix massive metal doors are barred. One the smaller, easier-to-control corner entrances in the "Place of Justice" may now be used. The coat, they said, was gray. The tie two shades of blue, the shirt white with the stripes alternately blue and brown. It was thus apparent that they had examined the clothing, which bore of the existence of the knot in the tie when they had seen it.

Examination of the collar picture, made to my requests with thorough professional competence, did disclose a few new facts of evidentiary value. It was even more clear that the slits could not have been made by a bullet. The fraying of the fabric was regular, on one side, and flopped over the other while the picture was being made. It is not a regular draying as one would expect from the rupturing by a 2,000 foot-per-second violence. It in this picture too is clearly a cut, not a hole. When the cloth lies flat, there is no width to the damage, no material missing, punched out by the bullet. The edges lie against each other. There is less blood on the collar-band than on the outside of the fabric, not consistent with the blood-stains coming from the body side. Where the sides of the shirt overlapped in wearing, no blood.

The dead give-away of the fabrication that this is where the magical bullet exited is the non-magical, mute evidence of the slit on the left side. The irregular, zig-zag mark of a butting blade is visible with an engravers lens no more powerful than the 10-power minterature I carried. More proof of cutting developed later.

The picture of the inside of the collar this time was taken with what I had asked to see in mind. Not important as evidence, except as it bears on the point that the shirt was made to fit snugly, didn't bag loosely, was, really, a tailored shirt, is label showing it was made for the President by "Charkes Dillon, Shirtmaker, 444 Park Ave., N.Y." Here again, on the button side, it is obvious that the fraying of the fabric is from the left, the cut stopping at the seam above it, where the material is fortified by the seam. The material on the button-hole side in this picture is creased and shows nothing. Although a few blotches of blood are visible under the button, most of the blood is, inconsistently, on the right side/

Re-examination of the pictures of the front and back of the un-knotted tie, assuming it to be approximate life-size, which with other pictures proved to be the case, the width is 2¼ inches. If this is not the actual size, the measurements I made of the nick will be in proportion. It measures 5/16" in length. The width ravies from 1/32" to 3/32". This is hardly a bullet-hole. There is but a single stain on the tie, directly under the damage. it is about 1¼" long, egg-shaped and Johnson confirmed it is blood, again sign of personal examination. The left edge of the damage, looking at the picture, is sharp, like a cut, the right frayed.

My impression that the entire character of the hole in the back of the shirt has been changed by the removal of more fabric was confirmed by re-examination and measurement of the enlargement originally marked "3" by Simmons at my request. This is much greater than actual size because of enlargement, butthe proportions show the significance.

Whereas in the original FBI picture I got from Kelindienst, this hole is roughly rectangular, suggestions the shape of a mape of the United States without the lower peninsulas, about twice as wide as it is high, it now is in the opposite proportion. Maximum measurement from top to bottom is 1 1/16". Width varies of 7/16" at the top to ¼" at

the bottom.

Someone took a big bite out of this.

Who, J. Edgar, demon investigator, protector of the evidence?

I trace this hole on the thinnest sheet of paper available in that office. Then I traced the same hole on the picture from the other side. The enlargements differ and some of the fraying alters the outline, but the proportions reflect the identical alteration since the original phptogrpahy. Here the ~~high~~ heightx is 7/16" by 3/16" as close to exactly the same as examination of frayed fabric permits.

To be absolutely certain, although I can almost draw the original hole with my eyes closed from study of the enlargement in FBI Exhibit 60 I traced this hole from the picture of the back of the jacket, Exhibit 393. It is roughly ¼" wide there and about 5/16" high. With such s small hole, the tracing I made cannot be 100% faithful, but it is close enough. And, by use of this engravers lens, I could see clearly that it is from the top that the sample was removed for spectropraphy. From left and rights sides, neither the outher extremit of the approximately round original hole, cuts were made upward. The one on the left goes a trifle higher, making the connecting, straight-line cut diabonal, from left to right.

All these tracings are here reproduced so the reader can see them for himself fully and understand the totality of federal dedication to the preservation and most fiathful official representaion of this, among the most important and probative evidence of the crime.

When <u>all</u> of it -100% - has been contaminated while in federal care - and where no untainted pictures are available, can there have been more touching concern for the President or for the preservation of the evidence of how he was killed?

At this point I engaged Johnson in conversation about the un-knotting of the tie, beginning with my assurance that neither he nor Dr. Rhoads, the only two with the combination to that inner lock, had motive for undoing it. Speaking for himself, he assured me he had not. We then talked about when he had last seen it and he said he remembered making no examination of it ever. He recalled the promise to me, in writing, to take the pictures of it I had requested. He drafts most of Rhoads' letters on this

Archive. (He admitted preparing Rhoads' affidavit in my suit that I regard as perjurious, but said it was thereafter goneover the by the lawyers.) He agreed that had that ~~xxxxxxxx~~ promise then been kept the flase promise would not have been made in court and a false official record of the existence of the knot at the time of the June 15 hearings would not have been made.

Johnson was evasive on when he examined what clothing. Although to me alone he had drafted numerous letters about it, particularly this tie which can and I think does undoe the entire "solution" the the assassination, he claims no recollection of ever having examined it. However, his recollection of minor details of other garments is clear and proved accurate.

This clothing was not given to Evelyn Lincoln in Spril of 1965. As official evidence it, like all the other official evidence, was in the possession of the FB I. Until when? I asked, and he gave a vague answer, the fall of 1966. Until the time of the Attorney General's executive order, I asked, and he said "Yes". When I asked if it was boxed or otherwise protected then, he again evaded by saying that he, personally, had made the transfer from the FBI building and there was an enormous amount of material. The latter point ~~xxxx~~ is true, but I didn't press him.

There was also the <u>later</u> time, when the 1968 panel studied it, that this evidence was handled, and that was Johnson's job. If the knot had been undone before this clothing passed into the Archives' and Johnson's personal custody, those eminences of the sciences selected for their dedication to and knowledge of medico-legal requirements, and, of course, personal integrity, are and were silent on the point, as was their internationally-know attorney, Bruce Bromley, who I had met in the 1930s when he represented a private detective agency whose brutalities against workingmen was being investigated by the Senate committee of which I was part.

The record being adequate and corrupt in all the necessary fine detail, I saw no need to pillory Johnson. Instead, I asked for access to the color pictures taken by the FBI at Rankin's direction. He was visibly reluctant, hemmed and hawed, and I said I'd ~~xxxx~~ prefer not to make another trip or have to contest my right to access to the official evidence. These are, I reminded him, the <u>official</u> copies of the <u>official</u>

evidence, so no hokus-pocus about the contract, which couldn't cover the pictures the FBI took for the Commission on its orders and as part of its official Commission role.

Without protest he and Simmons left and returned with them promptly, the only other relevant comment being the thinking-aloud that they are stored elsewhere.

Exhibit 393, the jacket, is also identified in the print as FBI C 29. While it is clear it is far from color-perfect and the technical flaw bears on a significant evidentiary matter. The two deliberatly unclear represantations of these pictures in black-and-white published by the Commission (17H23-4) had always fascinated me because I hadn't tumbled to the need for making the entire thing so black. That of the (p.23) front can be determined to be of the front only by the slightest shadow at the lapels, so slight as to escape detection without careful study, and because the front edges project a bit lower and become visible against the white background. I also had always wondered about the visible whitish marks on the left side (the President's) right and the opening of the opposite sleve to show its paler lining.

Quite opposite to the total blackness of this perfection in FBI police science as officially published, the jacket is not of solid color or even black. It is gray, with the appearance of a linen-like weave when the picture itself is examiend with a lens. It is a fine material with what with this superior photogrpahy that succeeeds in altering the colors, seems to have whitish, fine flecks laternating with the gray in the weave.

The two spectaculer things are the total absence of blood on the lining of the back of the jacket, precisely where the shirt is so saturated with it, and the visible cuts in the fabric. What this means is that even with the President lying on his back at Parkland, his shirt had absorbed the blood and it had not, not at least by what I could see in this FBI photography, stained the lining. I asked Johnson to examine it. He agreed with me. Yet faint reddish stains were visible on both sides of the front of the jacket. In the picture the lining seems purple. Johnson says it is blue.

Distinguishing shades of blue can be difficult in black-and-white, but it should present no problem with color photographs. The tie provides a good illustration of this. Its colors can't be ascertained except in the color shots. It is of a dark blue body, with the parrterns a lighter, bright blue.

If we can safely assume that the FB I's best experts -would they use inferior experts when a President is assassinated?- have the competence of the average snapshotter, we have to wonder about the reason or reasons for this punk work. We do not have to winder any more about why the Government would not take pictures for me until compelled to and will not let me have prints for the study of an impartial and really scientifically competent forensic pathologist like my friend Cyril Wecht, of a conservative-minded criminalist like his Dwight(?)McCollom.

Although the printed picture does not shows only the opening of the sleeve, in the color photo is can be seen that the jacket was cut from the lapel to the left armpit and then down the sleve and then down to the cuff. On the right side, there are cuts in the cloth up fro the right pocket toward thr armpit and from that armpit diagonnaly downward to the open in of the jacket.

The blood that shows, the FBI saw to it only fainly, is on both shoulders.

The FBI reserved its greatest skill for the pictures of the shirt (CE394, FBI C 32, 17H25-6). In the view of the back, there here was no need to use a hanger and other devices. The shirt lies flat on a white background. The dispersal of blood is as I noted above, but with the shirt lying flat it is more apparent that the stain go even farthur to the left, or wrong side than can be seen in the picture of the hanging garment. Again the FBI arranged for a shortening of the left sleeve by making a fold in arranging the shirt for the taking of the picture. And although this is the view from the back, they then further contorted the sleeves so that in each case the openings at the cuffs show. With the left sleeves the button is visible. In color, the further down the center of the back the blood went, the darked the stain, indicating greater concentration.

As the FBI posed the front, this is another bit a magic, a migical shirt, with cuffs opening front and back! Here both buttons can be seen in even the printed copy and without magnification. Charles Charles Dillon's carelessness in making the President's shirts, having the left sleeve shorter than the right -according to the FBI, that is is more exaggerated. But the real perfection in the rearranging in evidence lies in what in the printed picture seems to be a lateral shadow and crease running from the

Hall Office so he can sue me where he, ~~[illegible]~~ made District Attorney, ~~[illegible]~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ all-powerful, by the fo l deed, can have all advantage,
leaving my fate to whatever lawyer will volunteer to defend me. By then there will be some.

ARLEN SPECTER HAD TO KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING!

He can ha e no innocence.

He was in full charge of this part of the work, Francis Adams, his initial superior, having quietly ~~left~~ left to return to his New York law practise rather than be part of this. (If we can respect Admas' departure, what of his silence?)

He knew the damages to the shirt-front and tie were from a scalpel, not a bullet, and he none-the-less faked the entire monstrous "solution", to free and exculpate assassinas, the frame an innocent man, to legitimatize the assassination of the man who had started a reordering of national priorities away from war and toward peace, toward the belated granting of part of their share of the national heritage to those so long denied it.

If Arlen Specter was the largest stockholder in war industries, he could no better have served the purposes history soon enough showed were served by this assassination.

For these purposes, the assassination required proper baptism.

Specter's holy water came from the foulest sewer.

And all the meinent nostrils smelled rosewater.

Need one have more than a Mankiewicz concern? Wasn't the President (safely) dead?

Extra space.

Although anything is anti-climactic after this, I record two added evidentiary observations:

On the back of the shirt as measured on the picture ~~[illegible]~~ Simmons had identified with the jumber "4", the shoulderband is 2" high at the shoulder and, as best to can be measured at the collar, which hides part of it, is about 2 3/4". This is a one-for-one picture, meaning it was taken actual size. I determined this by laying my scale on those in the picture. The exactly coincide.

~~[illegible]~~ With the undertsanding imparted by this first examination of the until-now

outside of the right armpit downward, sig-zag toward the opening of the shirt that is here buttoned and then only slightly upward to the same point on the left sleeve, in the picturethe real direction and angle distorted by whatever need resulted in the defamation of Charles Dillion, whose superb workmanship I can confirm by close examination of it with my lens.

However, this really is the color picture does not hide. It is a massive cut from one side to the other!

It thus becomes obvious that, regardless of whatever may later have happened, the President was first treated im the emergency room exactly as he was wheeled in on the stretcher on which he was rolled in without being disrobed. The idstraught doctors, in their urgent need for speed, did only that which was required of them, rush to begin any effort to save him. Their scalpels slashed madly though the cloth that prevented treatment.

Properly. There was no alternative.

Only, why did the FBI feel it necessary to hide this in its pictures?

Why did Arlen Specter, the experienced lawyer, the former Assistant District Attorney of Philadelphia, a man who knows criminal evidence, find it necessary to avoid this in his questioning of all the medical witnesses, including those who made the cut?

Not, certainly, in pursuit of that bragged-of only client, "truth".

Specter is the father of the Commission's bastard "single bullet" baby, that illegitimate "no-conspiracy, lone-assassin" offspring. He fought all the evidence and all those disagreeing on the staff to fuck (inseminate) the Commission and history is his guilty lust.

This is perhaps the first time in legal history that a single man is both pimp and whore.

And still again I dare Specter to sue me!

If he is man, not pimp/whore, I'll read these words on the steps of his City

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withheld pictures, the withholding of which was of sufficient importance to the Government to force me to sue for access, what happened to the tie is clear. The President was a neat dresser. ON the FBI's C32, which is the Commission's exhibit 395 (17H27), the wider, out end extends almost twice the distance from the knot as the shorter end. In order the cut the tie from the neck, the doctors first loosened it.

Extra space

The Borgias did not die in medieval days.

The Councils of Kings, the assassins of blighted antiquity, have not crossed the tyx.

They flourish in Washington, D.C., the United States of America of the last half of the twentieth century, in the period between Hitler 1932 and Orwell 1984.